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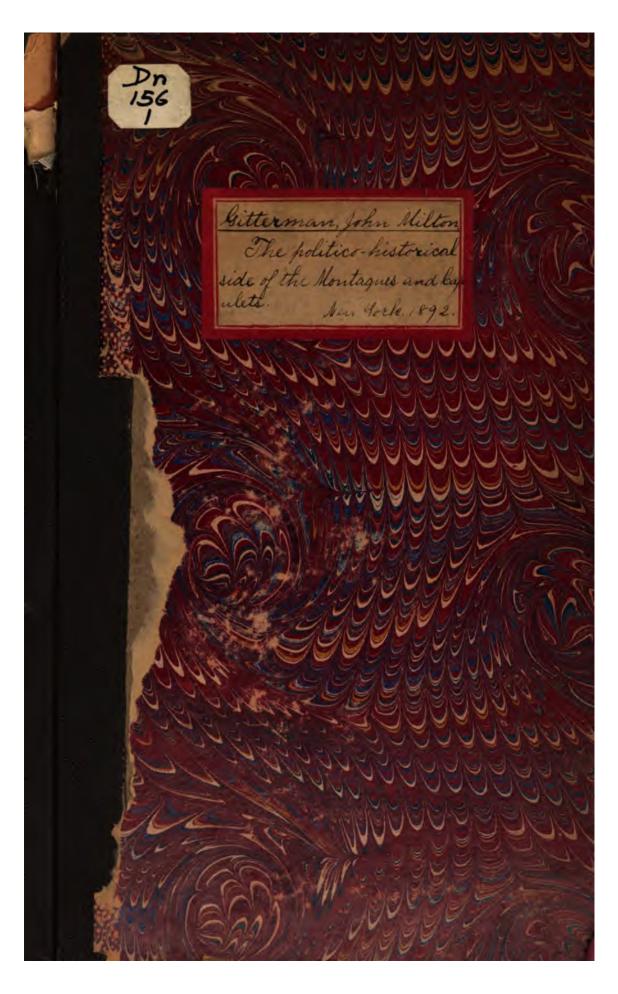
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FROM

John M. Gitterman.

27 Jan 1892.



Dr 156-1

THE

I R V I N G Magazine

3 Monthly Contributor to Literature, Art and Science.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

- 1. THE POLITICO-HISTORICAL SIDE OF THE MONTAGUES
 AND CAPULETS. By JOHN M: GITTERMAN, PR.D.
- 2. A Bit of Local Color.

By ARTHUR A: ALEXANDER

3. Etching: Castles in Spain,

By Almer Street

4. How it Happened. (a Story.)

BY LEONARD M. LIEBLING

5. Lovers' Lane. (Poem.)

By I R Dimery

6. THE CODE OF FIRE.

By "REET."

Entered at the Post Othics, New York, as Second Class Matter

NEW YORK.

THE IRVING PUBLISHING COMPANY,

PACE BROS. COLLEGE CLASS PHOTOGRAPHERS,

HOWARD LAUNDRY HAND WORK. 1200 Third Avenue,

Work called for and delivered.

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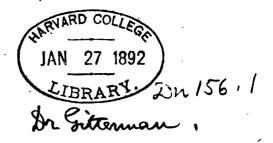
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THE IRVING MAGAZINE

Vol. 1

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FEBRUARY, 1892

No 2

THE POLITICO-HISTORICAL SIDE OF THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS.

John Wilton Gitterman.

T is the peculiar faculty of the greatest minds to invest the offspring of their genius with such transcendent interest, that even after volumes have been written on their works, the story of their development is of great attraction. Of Shakespeare's plays, Romeo and Juliet has always been considered not only a most wonderfully constructed and charming play, but also a great monument to a very romantic episode of Italian History in a brilliant period. While everyone knows how Shakespeare drew the story of the play of Romeo and Juliet from translations of two Italian novelists, Luigi da Porta and Bandello, and how his genius created this play; the history of the development of these novels is not so generally known. dello elaborated his tale from the noveletta of Luigi da generally conceded, but beyond Luigi, the origin of Romeo and Juliet has not been traced. this, there was apparently the good reason that Dante had mentioned the Montagues and Capulets in his Commedia two centuries before Luigi's novel, and when Shakespeare's play had made this family-tragedy world-renowned, it appeared to be a very logical conclusion for Shakespeare's critics, that Dante had spoken of the Montagues and Capulets as the representatives of the two lovers, while many Dante scholars pointed to Shakespeare for an explanation of the connection of these names in the Divine Comedy. our conclusions will differ from both theories, it will appear that Dante unconsciously became the source of both novel and play, Romeo and Juliet, while in fact he was describing the party fights of his time. To show this wonderful fate

which, by a spiritual tie, brings the greatest English and Italian poets into intellectual relationship, if only for one time and one play, will be the aim of this essay.

The question before us, in its simplest forms, may be stated: How came Luigi da Porta to use Dante's terzine:

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappeletti, Monaldi e Filippeschi, uom senza cura; Color già tristi, e costor con sospetti,

for a novel, and again, how came Dante to put these four party names side by side? As far as we are concerned, the only question is, how came the names of Montague and Capulet together? In solving this question the entire riddle disappears, and to do so we must leave all a priori reasonings aside and simply investigate facts.

Inasmuch as in both Shakespeare's play and Luigi's novel, the scene is laid in Verona, we may begin by studying the Veronese records to find out whether there are any traces of the Montague and Capulet families in that city. A thorough study of all records and every chronicle of Verona shows that, whereas the Montagues are mentioned in many offices, contracts and records, in no instance can a Capulet be found in Verona. Therefore it is our first duty to find out where the Capulets did live, and then, returning to the Montagues of Verona, to see what Dante meant when he connected their names.

As far as our sources permit us to judge, the Capulets were a family of Cremonese knights. In the beginning of the 13th century, two of the family were judges of Cremona; later on the family had become so prominent in Cremonese politics that their name became the party appellation of the nobility in its fights against the rising populace. The people of Cremona had been the staunchest upholders of the great Emperor Frederick II. ever since, by a reversal of political roles, the Pope had been forced to put forward this Hohenstaufen King of Sicily in opposition to the Guelph, Otto IV. The fidelity with which Cremona and its people stood by Frederick brought its reward in many substantial ways dis-

tasteful to the nobles. These had been forced into submission on various occasions, and finally had been driven from Cremona by the people under Frederick's lieutenant, Pelavicini. In 1249 the people were in possession of the government, and under Pelavicini's management a club of 2,000 of the most efficient party workers formed an organization called the Barbarasi or Troncaciuffi (clean shaven) Club, very likely because their opponents had used their caps as a party distinction.

The death of Frederick II, in 1250, gave the exiled Capulets hope to return to Cremona, and henceforth they joined all and every enemy of the people of Cremona, in the hope of accomplishing this. In vain they joined the Mantuans in 1257, and the sinking fortunes of Ezzelino da Romano, Lord of Verona, in 1250. In the meanwhile, the Barbarasi of Cremona were suffering from the want of opposition, and soon were disrupted by internal dissensions, while the leaders had lost their hold on the people. When, in 1266, these troubles led to the fall of Pelavicini the time was ripe for the Capulets to return. Their absence had rendered them less hateful, all the more so as they represented that party of the Church, which, since its successes in Tuscany and Naples, was called the Guelph. In 1267 the Capulets were enabled to return to Cremona, whence they soon exiled the Barbarasi Club with its remaining adherents, under the leadership of Boso da Dovera, who having ousted Pelavicini, now paid the penalty of party rebellion by long years of exile. In 1268 the Capulets reorganized their club, which was called the party of the commune, people and church of Cremona, on so firm a basis that in spite of the most savage attempts of the Barbarasi, they henceforth never again had to leave Cremona. In the splendidly preserved archives of Cremona, one may still read how every year the Capulet lords spent the party funds to maintain the war against the exiles, whose estates had been confiscated and whose existence had become so pitiable that few objected when, in 1310, the Emperor Henry VII. led the remnants of the Barbarasi back to Cremona. In the course of time the

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Amati and other Capulet lords of Cremona did not retain their ancient power and their names disappear.

While it is thus clearly shown that the Capulets never were in Verona, the story of the Montagues, or Montecchi, is the most dramatic in Veronese history. For it was through their contentions with the Counts of Verona, their kinsmen, that the people of Verona attained full political freedom and fell into the clutches of the great political boss, the mighty Ezzelino III, da Romano. In consequence of the assassination of a count of Verona by a Montague, the latter had to surrender the fertile land and stronghold of San Bonifacio, (near Arcole) to the counts of Verona, and from that time the one aim of the Montagues was to re-acquire this castle and to accomplish this end they joined all opponents to the count's party in Verona. The opposition to the counts (or nobles) party at the beginning of the 13th century, was composed of the merchants, who desired peace and unrestricted trade, and of all those who were excluded from office, either because of their belonging to the people or to the Montague faction. In course of time the claim of the people for a share in the offices made this party a people's party, and all the ensuing disturbances and riots were for the people's good. Among those who led the Montagues in their endeavors at controlling Verona, Ezzelino II. of Romano, a Trevisan noble, suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the count's party, and had to leave his son. Ezzelino III., as hostage in Verona, who thus became known to the factions he was to rule in later years. In the course of time the Montagues and their friends obtained offices, and let the merchants and the people fight the battle against the count's These popular elements then formed a society, ruled by twenty four chiefs, under the direction of a "Rector." The programme of the new party was to get offices for the people and to free them from all fiscal dues of the Count of Verona. In 1225 they coalesced with the Montagues, who had been recently exiled, and overthrew the count's party by a clever revolution. The Montagues and friends, however, shut the people out, so that in 1227 a new revolution was carried out by a man of the people who ruled Verona as leader of the party of twenty-four. As, however, dissensions had again broken out in Verona, and the count's party were trying to reassert themselves, it became necessary for both Montagues and the party of the twenty-four to call in Ezzelino da Romano, whose skill in organizing men made him first "Rector" of the twenty-four and then boss of Verona.

From 1230 to 1259 he ruled Verona in spite of the most desperate attempts to oust him, showing himself not only the first but the most wonderful boss in Italy. He controlled Verona by the the party machinery of the Montague party (the nobles) and the party of the twenty four (the people). Since 1235 the party of the counts of Verona and the greater nobles were kept in exile, in spite of their most strenuous attempts to return to Verona, from which they had been driven six times since 1225. The political machinery administration, justice and finance, gradually came to be so firmly settled in Ezzelino's hands that he was lord of Verona. The people had become freeer than they had ever been before, and the Montagues were satisfied, when, in 1243, the great castle of San Boniface, the apple of discord, was taken by Ezzelino and razed to the ground.

For two more years the old party names of a Montague and twenty-four-party existed, to be dissolved in 1245. Ezzelino ruled Verona so firmly, that he had no more need of a party vote to ratify his will. Whoever disobeyed his orders was politically dead and if he tried to organize an opposition, Ezzelino construed this into conspiracy and punished this For by a clause of the party laws, the boss of the party of the twenty-four had free play, if anything were done or attempted against the party organization. Montagues had offices and were freed from the count's party, the people had achieved freedom and liberty, yet only at the cost of having a boss. Ezzelino enforced implicit obedience by his foreign judges and foreign men-at-arms. Among the officers of state of Verona, Montagues and great popular families are to be found, but all subject to the sway of Ezzelino de Romano. The head of the Montagues, Carnorolo,

was for a time Ezzelino's deputy in Verona and obtained for himself and family quite a large share of confiscated property. For a long time the Montagues prospered, till in 1254, Carnorolo and his family were executed for conspiracy, and thus went the way they had prepared for thousands.

With this event the Montagues disappear from Veronese politics; they were either all executed or else banished. The latter seems likely, for at the close of the 13th century they are to be met with in Goriza, where Ezzelino's cousins ruled. In 1259 Ezzelino died; the people then elected Mastin della Scala ruler of Verona, who followed the old policy of Ezzelino and in 1269 made a league with the exiled Barbarasi against the ruling faction of Cremona, the Capulets.

Thus we see that although the Montagues were a Veronese family they had disappeared entirely from Verona before 1260, while the Capulets of Cremona never had come to Verona and always were opposed to the ruling Veronese faction. We can now revert to the discussion of Dante's lines. in bearing mind that Sordello is of the disrupted state of Italy, it appears clearly that Dante cannot be referring to a love affair in Verona of 1306, but to the politics in great towns. The difficulty is however this: If the Montagues and Capulets are from two towns, the question naturally arises from what two towns are the other two factions, the Monaldi and Filippeschi? And from this question the difficulty arose. Had Dante spoken of four factions from four towns or three factions from three towns, no questions in interpretation would have occurred to any-But with the exception of Dante's son, Pietro, every commentator has tried to find either four or two towns for the four parties. This was continued with more or less ingenuity till Benyenuto da Imola explained the lines in the sense that the Montagues and Capulets were of Verona, while the other two factions, who in previous commentators had figured in every city of the March Ancona, were placed in Orvie to. Benvenuto's authority prevailed, and in consequence the tradition arose, that the Capulets were a Veronese faction. This is all the historical basis for the novel. As regards the other elements of both novel and play, Simrock has shown how the Indo-germanic tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, etc., recurs in a thousand forms, and how even in 1476 an ancient Vienese tale of Masuccio Salernitano, was published, telling a story similar to Luigi da Porta's of a Veronese couple.

JOHN M. GITTERMAN, PH D.

A BIT OF LOCAL COLOR.

CHIAROSCURO, n.—light and shade; a drawing in black and white.—

The Century Dictionary.

By ARTHUR A. ALEXANDER.

HE was as black—well, as black as your last summer's brown hat, was Pete. And he was a wharf-rat in a little Louisiana town. His trousers were largely made of holes, held together by strips of rags; his shirt snapped its ragged banner in every breeze. As for food! the Lord bless you! he didn't get any, save at odd times and places. And yet he was merry. For to stand on the levee, whistling like a jay-bird, and kicking at stray pieces of brown earth with his browned toes, or to lie in the sun on a cotton bale in sleepy forgetfulness of hunger, were not these his hardest tasks?

When I saw him, he was fighting with the flies,—and a horde of other little darkies—for the drippings of a molasses barrel. His shiny face was sticky with molasses, dirt and flies, as he licked the sweet drops from the barrel staves, the wharf, or wherever else he found them. Presently he saun tered off to where a small boat-landing jutted out into the great Mississippi River. Lying down on the end furthest from shore, he lazily watched the white clouds scud across the sky. The wind was blowing strongly, and the little wharf rattled and shook as the water dashed against it,

"Umpa," said Pete, "Dar's gwine ter be er stohm." Still, as his scant rags would be none the worse for a wetting, he calmly went to sleep.

The wind rose higher and higher, and so did the water. Darkness slowly fell, and the lights of the town began to point the blackness of night. And Pete slept on. Now and then he smiled, doubtless dreaming of a heaven—in which he was the only darkey—where streams of molasses ran between banks of sugar, roast 'possums dandled their savory selves for all who came, and sweet potatoes were plentiful. Anon he frowned. There must have come other darkies into his dream-heaven, to dispute the tid-bits with him. The boy still slept.

The wind was blowing a gale by this time; the river had risen high and was dashing with mighty force against the bank. Above its angry lashings could be heard the hoarse whistles of infrequent river boats. Presently these ceased, and the only sounds were the rushing of wind and water and Peter's loud snore. Awake! Pete, awake! The storm is far more real, far more serious than your dreams!

Pete awoke with a start; he had fallen down in his dreams and into a tub of water. Ugh! the water felt real! He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Why, where were the lights of the town, and what a queer motion the boards under him had? They were wet: it must have rained. Pete rubbed his eyes again, and, as the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, he almost fell overboard with surprise For the water was real, and the little black boy found that the lights, the levee, the cotton bales, all had disappeared, and he was floating on a few rotten planks of the wharf on the breast of the mighty river. He crouched down on the wet boards. The slight movement made them shake. No wonder; they were but held together at one end by a wretched piece of scantling, and were almost awash with his weight

What was he to do? Swim, he could not. And if he could, whither should he turn? The dead, black veil of night could not be pierced by his eyes in any direction, and the howling of the wind was the only sound he heard.

Hello! what was that? Did he, or did he not hear something? Pete sat up and listened. A faint cry reached his ears. Was there another, floating like himself, on the black waters? He strained his eyes in the darkness, but could see nothing. The cry sounded nearer now; it seemed to be behind him. He turned around, but could make out nothing. At last, the dim outlines of a barrel could be seen and the sound seemed to come from it. The barrel floated end up; there must be something in it. It floated faster than Peter's raft, as it presented more surface to the fierce wind.

Slowly the barrel drew nearer, till Pete could grab it. He caught the edge and pulled it toward him. The boy nearly fell head first into the barrel. For, as he leaned over, his wretched craft uptilted, and then, in the bottom of the other, was a live white baby a few months old!

How the poor little thing got there Peter never stopped to consider. Holding on to the barrel with one hand, he stretched himself out on the boards back of him and caught hold of the infant's clothes with the other. Carefully he lifted it up, while the crazy, rotten boards on which he lay rattled, and shook. The upper part of his body was in the water but he pulled and hauled until he was able to get the child in his arms. Then he let go of the barrel, which drifted away.

Pete cuddled the crying baby and crooned to it till it had been soothed to sleep. And then he sat still and waited for help till he, too, grew drowsy and nodded off into a doze.

How long he slept cannot be told. He was awakened by a slight shock to find that his raft had struck a snag, which had ripped a couple of the planks off. He was sitting in the water, below which the tops of the remaining planks sank, under the double weight of himself and the child.

What was he to do? Both could not stay; one must leave to save the other. If he threw the child out, none would know, and he, Pete, might then be saved. He only wavered a moment. Then he slipped gently over the edge of the scantling, laying the child down on the boards as they rose under the decreased burden.

And then they drifted on and on, the baby sleeping

quietly on the float, while Pete clung tightly to its edge. On and on they went in the inky night, the wind howling a dirge and the water lapping hungrily for its prey.

Peter's fingers were numb and his hands had almost given out when a great, red light shone out down the river, and he heard the throbbing of a steamer's engines. Hold on, brave lad, with your last strength! Now shout, shout with all your voice!

Pete cried out as loudly as he could; and at last they heard him. This he knew by the stopping of the engines. He saw a boat put out, and saw they were coming. But it was too late. His fingers let go their hold, and with one last, feeble cry, he sank in the black water.

And now the boat was near. Now, it had reached the planking, and the men lifted the still sleeping child in with them. The baby could not have shouted like what they had heard. There must have been some one else. With a lantern, the boatmen lighted up the surrounding water and scanned it eagerly for that other. At last, they made out Pete's round, black head above the water and pulled toward it. But as the boat reached him he sank again.

With a boathook they grappled for the boy and hooked it in his trousers. But the ragged stuff would not hold. At last, they managed to catch the waistband, and drew the body to the boat. Just as they were going to lift him in, the waistband broke. But one of the men, stretching far over, caught the boy's arm and drew him in. Then they pulled for the steamer.

Many were the exclamations of surprise from the onlookers when the baby was handed on board and then Pete. Some ladies took charge of the child, while the men tried to bring the boy to. But their efforts were useless. With one little gasp, he who had been the poorest of them all became the richest.

ETCHING: CASTLES IN SPAIN.

[An Idyllic Extravaganza].

By Almee Sterg.

A KALEIDOSCOPE of rich hues and sounds, bright sunshine, fleecy clouds, a softly murmuring brook, luxuriant grass far softer than eider-down, flit past me—each so exquisite that with regret I awaken to the stern, sombre realities of life.

In the dull round of our being should we refuse admittance, when with sinuous motion old "Luk Oie" draws his bright parasol over our heads?

Poetry, says the sage, was invented for the imaginative; pleasure, for the rich; but even so there are moments in every life when one throws off the conventional bonds of Pleasure and Poetry, and with exuberant spirits romps in his "Castles of Spain."

One afternoon last May, I was watching a stream drowsing on its way to the river. Near by stood a tumble down shanty, overgrown with moss and lichens, the probable remains of the hut of some Rip Van Winkle, driven by his " better half" to the wilds. Gradually the stream grows broader; the low shubbery and wild flowers on its banks burst into exquisite luxuriance and overpowering perfume. The hut assumes proportions so great and beautiful that "Aladdin of the Lamp" could not have longed for, even in his wildest fancies. All! all! is mine. Here I am supreme. Millions of souls are toiling for me, to keep me in my vast grandeur? Thousands obey my slightest word. in bondage, obedient to my commands; their very souls are not their ow .. I am supreme, yea, I am infinite. Joshua, I feel I can stay the sun in its course.

But what murmurs do I hear! What terrible rolls of musketry! What multitude, with angry gesticulations, surrounds my palace. Is my great power to be broken by this angry mob? Is this to be the close of my splendid

sovereignty? Never!! With one gigantic . . . I awake to find myself lying by the stream, and the vast palace of my reverie dwindles into the hut near by. Drenched to the skin by the shower, I seek the shelter of some friendly trees, while peals of thunder inform me what instigated the revolt with its frightful peals of musketry. From my delightful reverie I had glided into the ready arms of Morpheus, who with the elements had ruthlessly contrived to dismantle my beautiful "Castles in Spain."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

By LEONARD M. LIEBLING.

TAT a silly little thing she was, but how pretty! All smiles, rosy cheeks, fluffy brown hair, shading laughing blue eves! As I sat opposite her that day in the street car, and heard her girlish prattle, I thought that I had never seen such a combination of silliness and prettiness. chatter provoked me desperately, for I was intensely interested in an article in the Medical Journal, which had direct bearing on a complicated case I was to treat that morning. I heard enough about papa, parties, opera, etc., to guess that she was an idolized, only child, and something of a belle. As I was too old to ignore the vacuum in her head, for the sake of her pretty face, I was much relieved when Dora Copperfield - as I mentally styled her-and her friend left the car. It was strange, but after the first chance encounter I was constantly meeting her. I caught glimpses of her nestling in the cushions, as her carriage dashed past by my office. At the opera the fates threw me in her neighborhood. She was with a fat, pompous-looking middle-aged, man, whom I took to be "papa." I mentally dubbed him "old money-bags," and instinctively hated him as heartily as I did his daughter—he looked so complacent and listened with such evident relish to her ceaseless, silly prattle.

One day I was summoned in great haste to the bedside of a patient whom I had previously attended. She and her daughter lived in a quarter of the city to which my practice seldom called me, among people whom I served for "sweet charity's sake." Though this patient was poor as many to whom I volunteered my services, I could not refuse the fee which was tendered after each visit. Of them I knew little. There was a proud independence, a dignified reticence that commanded my respect, and I was much attracted by both. The mother was refined and gentle, and bore her sufferings with fortitude; the daughter was beautiful, dignified, and bravely independent. I was anxious to help them, but the opportunity for doing so, delicately and without risk of offending, had never yet presented itself. But on this visit, the evidences of poverty were even more apparent than The room was very bare; evidently they had been forced to pawn many necessary articles.

The daughter was pale and thin and something like despair shone in the beautiful eyes. I found Mrs. Trevor very weak. After I had prescribed for her I sat like "Micawber," hoping "something would turn up"—that there would be some opening in the conversation where I might safely proffer aid. I could not leave them in such destitution. I must help them—this plainly was not their sphere, and they must be removed by some means. The mother was too weak to talk, and Miss Helen was too absorbed in her own sad thoughts for any conversation.

"Have you been taking wine as I prescribed, Mrs. Trevor? You are not so well as I expected to find you, and I had hoped the wine would build up your strength."

Miss Trevor seemed to struggle within herself. A burn ing blush suffused her face and neck. At last she raised her head proudly, and with a defiant air looked me full and steadily in the eye, as she said in a low voice, without a quiver:

,

"No, Dr. Heathcote; we were not able to follow your directions fully. The wine you sent mother was of great benefit to her, and I was able to supply it until last week, when she was taken worse, requiring my unremitting attention, which forced me to stop sewing, my only means of support. I had just finished some work for a young lady, and as she owed me some money, I trusted that would tide us over until I could resume work. But I have been unable to collect the money, and we are penniless."

Bravely said, my beautiful Spartan! I thought, as I looked at the fine, pale face, with its troubled eyes. Behind that marble calmness, my beautiful Galatea, what a Vesuvius must be throbbing and seething in your heart and brain! Injuries and injustice that you can't forget—neglect and coldness from those who should have befriended you!

"Yes, doctor," said Mrs. Trevor, 'Helen kept her troubles from me as long as she could, and has allowed me to want for nothing, but failing to collect the money due her has been a great hardship. The poor child has not tasted food since yesterday."

She covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled down through her thin fingers.

I turned and stared at the girl standing so quiet and composed. Starving! She suffering for the want of food!

"Oh! the heartless rich!" I cried.

"More thoughless than heartless, I think, Dr. Heath-cote."

I stopped short as the cool, even tones fell on my ear, and marching up to her took both her hands in mine. I was old enough to be her father.

"Helen, why didn't you come to me-why didn't you come?"

The tears came to her eyes—the first I had seen there.

- "We are such strangers to you, I would not have presumed——"
- "Strangers be hanged! Excuse me, Helen, but, my child, you are too proud. There comes a time in the life of most when we must accept help—when pride must be laid

aside and we must stoop. Independence is a very fine thing, my dear, but the proudly independent man is not the happy man. He who can find pleasure in receiving as well as giving is the one who gets most good out of life, because closer drawn to his fellow man. Now, my dear, I am going to get wine for your mother and nourishing food for you."

She put out her hand protestingly, and again that blush of humble pride mounted to her face.

"Your mother's life depends upon timely aid I will look in again this afternoon"

Soon I had sent up wine, fruits and well-prepared food to Helen and her mother. I could not dismiss them from my mind for a moment during my round of visits. understand the agony of humiliation which that poor girl was suffering-as well as the fear and sorrow hanging over her, as a result of her mother's illness. Poverty had not long been with them; it was apparent that their better days had Then as I thought how that rich girl's been recent. thoughtless, heartless indifference and neglect to pay her had aggravated Helen's shame and grief, my indignation knew no bounds, and when I reached Mrs. Trevor's humble room that afternoon I had worked myself into a furore of anger against that unknown transgressor, Helen's late employer. I was boiling over with rage, which increased, if possible, when I found Mrs. Trevor worse and noted Helen's troubled, auxious face. After doing all that I could for my patient, who soon fell into a doze, I called Helen out into the hall.

"Helen, give me the name and address of the person who owes you that money."

She looked at me inquiringly as I took out my notebook and pencil, but replied:

"Miss Florence Joyce, 422 Fifth Avenue."

I wrote it down hurriedly and without another word was on my way to find this girl. My intention was to bring her to see the sorrow she had caused.

As I drove up to No. 422 Fifth Avenue, a carriage stood before the door and a party of four were about to enter it, A

sleuder, middle-aged lady, a fine-looking young man, "old money-bags" and "Dora Copperfield!" Ribbons flying, curls blowing, draperies fluttering and laughing merrily.

So Miss Empty Head was the culprit. I was not surprised at all. I formally introduced myself. Yes, 'old moneybags' knew Dr. Heathcote quite well by reputation. Glad to meet him. "This," pointing to the middle aged lady, "is my wife, the young lady is my daughter Florence, and this his nephew, Mr. Philip Everett, from the South."

I then politely requested Miss Joyce to accompany me to see a patient who was very low, who knew her and in whom she would be interested. Florence looked inquiringly at papa, who said, "Yes, go."

Not a word was spoken during the drive, but when we stood in Helen's room I pointed to Mrs Trevor's wasted form and said:

"See what you have caused."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

The blue eyes were round and frightened and the roses had faded from the pretty cheeks. I turned and said:

"I mean that a girl as young and beautiful as yourself, as well-born and as well-bred, has been reduced to dreadful poverty—a poverty such as you have never seen, but have cried over in novels. She has been struggling bravely to keep back want and trouble from an invalid mother, while you were going to parties and balls; but out of your plenty you couldn't spare the pitiful sum she had earned by hard work. It would have been a small fortune to her and might have saved her heartaches and humiliations terrible to her proud nature."

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Miss Trevor, for my cruel thoughtless carelessness!"

She was crying and clinging to Helen, who stood away.

"I have been so wickedly thoughtless! I did not know of the suffering and want in the world! Can you ever forgive me?"

But before Helen could speak there was a loud knock at the door, and, when I opened it, Col. Joyce and Mr. Philip Everett stood before me. Col. Joyce explained that after I had left them with Florence, he grew uneasy, thinking he had been too hasty in giving his consent for her to accompany me, fearing that my patient might be suffering from some contagious disease.

Here Florence threw the door wide open, and going into the hall threw herself into her father's arms and sobbed out the whole sad story.

But what was the matter with Helen? Was she about to faint? She steadied herself with one hand against a chair, while the other was pressed to her heart; her face was deadly pale and her wide-open eyes were riveted upon Mr. Everett, who, when he caught sight of her through the open door, stepped quickly forward with a glad cry of "Helen!" His handsome face was radiant with happiness, and I heard him say:

"Found at last! I have searched everywhere for you, Helen!"

"Can you still-"

"Do I still love you? Oh, Helen, how can you ask?"

And, unmindful of us all, she fell into his arms and wept out her sorrows and griefs upon his manly chest. I closed the door, and Col Joyce, Florence and I, discreetly withdrew.

After a few moments Mr. Everett and Helen came out. At last my beautiful Galatea was endowed with life. A look of happiness, such as I had never seen there before, shone in her dark eyes. Then Mr. Everett told their story. He and Miss Trevor had been children together in a far distant Southern city. They became engaged soon after both had left school, but after the death of Helen's father, nearly a year before, an unfortunate misunderstanding arose, which estranged them. Helen and her mother quietly left the city, leaving no trace behind them. All these months he had been searching for them. Then that pretty little simpleton, Florence, proved her head was not quite empty by saying:

"Papa, Mrs. Trevor and Helen must go home with us, where we may repair, if possible, the wrong I did them."

It was done just as Miss Florence proposed. She proved herself to be the most sensible, untiring and devoted of nurses—the most unselfish and loving of cousins, and before the wedding-day came around, she and Helen were as devoted as sisters. When that day did come old Moneybags was the most generous of uncles. And when Helen kissed me good-bye that day, she said with happy tears in her pretty, dark eyes,

"Dr. Heathcote, I will never cease to love and bless you! The brightest day of my life, except this, was the one on which you so generously surprised me."

Before Philip left with his wife he told me at Helen's request, what he told no one else—the story of their separation and of Helen's poverty.

Helen's father had been Philip's guardian, and after his death it was found that he had appropriated and squandered the whole of Philip's fine fortune. Philip tried to keep this from Helen, but in some way she learned it, and her griet, mortification and despair were terrible. She thought that Philip would scorn to marry the daughter of a dishonest man. So after she and her mother had settled all their money on Philip—for both felt keenly their disgrace, and wished to make what reparation they could—they quietly left the city, giving Philip no hint of their destination.

"I knew she was a heroine" I said, as I slapped Philip on the back.

Mrs. Trevor remained with the Joyce's until Philip and Helen returned from their brief trip, then she went with them to the cosy little house that Col. Joyce gave Philip on his wedding day. My gift to Helen was a horse and phaeton; so I see the bright, happy face every day as she drives by and smiles and nods at me.

Well, it is always the unexpected that happens. When that boy of mine, Walter, came home from college, ready for a partnership with his old father, what should he do but fall in love with Florence Joyce and make her Mrs. Heathcote before I could say Jack Robinson!

LOVERS' LANE.

BY J. B. DUDLEY.

Touched by the frost, the Autumn blast, In Lovers' Lane the leaves fall fast; Their green has changed to red and blue, And gloried them with every hue; But when the twilight shadows fall, The katydids and crickets call, The lonesomeness is like a pain; So still and sad is Lovers' Lane.

The Summer months saw lovers walk
With good bright plumage, quick with talk,
Or still with romance, nights and days;
But, now they've gone their various ways,
The loves they had are plumaged gray,
Bedraggled with the soil of play,
Or lifted towards the heavens with pride,
For several went off side by side.

Through Lovers' Lane at night I pace,
The dead leaves carpet all the place.
Ghosts of old romance peep between,
The leafless branches once so green,
"Which of the couples happier are,
The broken or the married pair?"
I ask of every wind that blows;
The answer comes in sighs, "God knows."

THE CODE OF FIRE

By BERT.

II. - FOUR-ELEVEN-FORTY-FOUR.

THERE were many things that contributed in putting Herbert Bradshaw into a thoughtful and gloomy mood as he entered No. 44 Wall street and stepped into the elevator to be taken to his office, fourth floor, room 11. One of the most important of these was the fact that he had been to a wedding the evening previous and had there seen his dearest friend, Tom Sunderland, married to Miss Stevens, the daughter of the great lawyer of the firm of Stevens, Thorn-dike, Underwell & Cutting.

He reached his office and began to read the newspaper then he threw this aside and continued his mental commentaries. His office looked upon the courtyard, and as he stood at the solitary window with hands in his pockets, there was nothing to attract attention except the snow, which, for the first time this year, was falling in large, thick flakes, as though it meant to remain. Bradshaw had lost his usually excellent and happy spirit this morning. He felt thoughtful and downhearted. Mrs. Sunderland, he thought, would now take his place as Tom's companion, so that virtually he had lost a friend, his chum during the last five years—in fact, as long as he had been in America. He had met Tom verv soon after his arrival in New York, and at once there had been the closest friendship between them. So that the loss, as he regarded it, was a severe blow to him.

Five years previously he had turned his back upon London because he wanted to get on faster, as he had heard that in New York even lawyers succeeded with lightning-like rapidity if there was anything in them. Another reason had been that he was dissatisfied, because at the age of four and twenty his allowance from his uncle, the nearest relative he had, was but the paltry sum of three hundred pounds. If

his uncle had been unable to give him more, he would have been contented; but though very wealthy, his relative was more than economical. An application for a greater allowance was followed by a stormy meeting, during which Herbert Bradshaw was told things that he did not like to hear, principally because there was some truth in them, even though they were unwelcome. These distasteful reproaches related principally to Herbert's propensities for being recklessly extravagant whenever he possessed the means to indulge this appetite. He felt himself aggrieved, and like a spoiled child, determined to get what he thought was a fair allowance from his uncle, or refuse to take anything, and depend entirely upon his own exertions. So he closed the door of his uncle's house upon himself and came to New York.

With all his faults, there were many attributes that seemed sufficiently broad to lay the foundation for a successful career. He was bright and willing to work hard, now that there was an incentive; he was scrupulously honest and was kind almost to a fault; in fact, much of his seemingly reckless extravagance could be traced to this quality; no matter how little he possessed, he was always ready to part with some of it, if he thought that he could do somebody else a good turn. The five years of American life had been successful, very successful, considering the circumstances. But he was not satisfied, chiefly because he had allowed his ambition to soar to unreasonable heights. Some one had said to him the evening before, when they had been discussing his friend Tom, that the only thing that was now wanting for him was a wife, and had asked him why he did not marry.

Marry indeed; yes, he supposed that was the proper thing to do, and that it might further his interests, just as Tom Sunderland's marriage was placing him in a law firm where fifty years of patient and unceasing work could scarcely have landed him. But Herbert Bradshaw had never met the girl he had fallen in love with, and he was averse to marrying a woman under other circumstances, no matter how much his prospects could be bettered by the step. He wondered whether Tom loved his wife, and then felt ashamed at himself for having doubted his friend in such a manner; to be sure, he could not see what there was to fall in love with in Mrs. Sunderland; but then tastes differ, and undoubtedly his friend had been prompted in the step only by the purest motives, he concluded.

He telt sorry that he had never fallen in love. He had seen so many girls, and so many that were raved over; then why did he not worship them like the rest of his acquaintances? He must be differently constituted, he thought, and it made him sad.

He opened the solitary letter that constituted the morning's mail. "Another collection," he exclaimed, disgustedly. When was he ever going to get some case of importance, that would give him a chance to show what stuff he was made of, and an opportunity of establishing a reputation? When was this drudgery of collection work to cease? He looked out of the window and his eye caught the window sill; there were the flakes of snow falling rapidly; as they fell upon the stone the warmth of the latter caused them to melt and they disappeared, but still they came, and persevering, finally succeeded in chilling the stone sufficiently to remain there. He drew a moral from this and was better satisfied; he was in a mood for philosophizing, and this small incident seemed to suit his case. He would persevere and finally make an impression and rise into eminence.

He was so busily absorbed with thoughts such as these, that he had even forgotten to swear at the janitress for putting into their wrong places upon the shelves, the books which he had carelessly allowed to lie upon the table the evening before. He had forgotten, too, to put his "This Is My Busy Day" notice in position, and to scatter a mass of books and papers in great disorder upon the desk in front of him, so as to leave upon the minds of visitors the impression that he was so busy that he had not time to straighten out such matters.

In the midst of his thoughts, he heard voices in the

corridor; he listened. Perhaps some new client, perhaps another small collection. But he did not expect much that day, and anything that came was welcome.

"I wonder can this be it?" he heard a woman's voice ask in low tones. Then came the answer:

"Yes, it must be; this is No. 44, and we are on the fourth floor; and see, the room is number eleven."

"What is the name?" the first voice asked.

"Herbert Bradshaw," answered the other and then added in tones which the owner of the name interpreted correctly from his chair within, were laden with disappointment: "I never heard of him as a lawyer of note, did you?"

"No," he heard the other answer, "but it must be right; see how exact our information was. Oh, I am so nervous. Louise, you must do the talking."

Then there was something else said in whispers not audible to Bradshaw, curious as he was to know who could be these visitors, who had been reflecting upon his prominence as a lawyer. There was a knock at the door, and in answer to his "come in," he was surprised at the sight of two lovely faces filled with embarrassment.

"Won't you step in and have a chair" he asked in his most polite form. He regretted now very much that he had not arranged his office so as to indicate how busy he was or was supposed to be. And his personal appearance, too, which usually gave him no concern,—for he was a fine-looking fellow,—might not, he thought, after the night spent at the wedding, be as perfect as he would have tried to make it had he anticipated such visitors.

"This is room number eleven, is it not?" the elder of the two ladies asked.

"And this is the fourth floor?"

"And this is No. 44 Wall Street?"

To all of these inquiries Bradshaw replied in the affirmative.

"Are you Mr. Bradshaw?" she then asked, somewhat surprised that the object of her search had turned out to be such a young man

"That is my name." There was a pause, embarrassing to the ladies, for neither seemed to know just what to say; so Bradshaw helped them out by asking:

"To what may I ascribe the honor of this visit?"

Mrs. Holland and her sister, Alice Rallington, had carried out the dictates that the younger had received in her dream, and had ventured out, notwithstanding the heavy snowstorm, because the day was the fourth one of the eleventh month, and this corresponded to some extent with the mysterious figures, 4-11-44.

Then after much hesitation and confusion, Mrs. Holland proceded to inform Bradshaw of the object of her visit. But before she told him all the particulars, she looked at Alice in a sagacious sort of way, and inquired of the lawyer:

"Do you have many such cases Mr. Bradshaw? Do you make a specialty of such matters?"

Bradshaw answered that he had had a great many. That it was strange, but he seemed destined to be compelled to give his time almost exclusively to that branch of the law. He explained, however, that it seemed destiny. At this, the two ladies looked at each other and were pleased; how happy they ought to be, they thought, to have been led to a man who had such a destiny; and how correct had been the knowledge conveyed by Alice's dream. As a matter of fact, Bradshaw was now taking hold of his first case in this line; but his statement was within the bounds of professional observances; he could not help smiling to himself, at the innocence of the inexperienced women, who apparently imagined that a lawyer would confess that this was the first case of the kind that had ever been intrusted to his care.

But his answer had reassured them, and now Mrs. Holland gave a complete account of their claims to the estate of their old uncle Rallington. She did not mention the dream, nor give any inkling as to how they had come to select Herbert Bradshaw as their attorney—this was what engrossed Bradshaw's mind considerably as he listened earnestly to their story, in which Alice would put in an addition or a correction or an indorsement from time to time.

Mrs. Holland told him that there was somebody else who, she had reason to believe, was after the property; and she bade him be cautious that no time should be lost in working up the case. She purposely omitted to mention that her husband was a lawyer, and that he had been already engaged upon the matter for the last six weeks.

The interview was at an end, at last, much to Bradshaw's regret. He could never tire of looking at Alice Rallington; if there were some parts of the story that he had not listened to as attentively as he should have, that young lady could have given the reasons why. She had made an impression upon him. More than that: he was wondering now, whether a few minutes ago he had not been too rash in finding fault with himself because he did not possess the feelings requisite to fall in love. It seemed to him that this was falling in love; he had not seen her before, and had had no chance for as much as a tete-a-tete with her: her sister had engaged his attention almost all the time. But the fact remained, that she had made an impression upon him, that nothing seemed capable of erasing.

The ladies left, not without again cautioning Bradshaw that the matter was to be kept as much as possible a secret, until success had been attained. After they had gone—they had promised to call again in two or three days so as to find out what the lawyer had ascertained concerning their chances -Herbert Bradshaw could hardly realize what had just taken place. He had received his first important case, the one that he had been longing for so many years; and at the same time had had the good fortune to meet, in this casual way, a girl that he seemed capable of loving, aye, one that seemed to First he began to review Alice possess his heart already. mentally and to admire the many traits of beauty that she possessed; her sister, too, he could not help thinking was almost equally beautiful. He was already beginning to devise some plan, by which it would be possible for him to become acquainted in more than a professional way; some means, by which he would be invited to call at the house of this attractive girl.

He began to wish that he would meet with no success in the case; it would interfere with his professional reputation, but what was this compared to love? He would much rather continue to do collection-business drudgery as he had been doing, if he could possess Alice, than have a big reputation without her. Thus had she already influenced his mind. For if she were going to be heiress to a million, and he were to continue in genteel poverty, there seemed no chance for him to wed ber; or if such a chance existed, he would not feel so happy about it, as if their fortunes were equal. The two women had shown their ignorance of law matters, by not offering a retainer, since the fact that they were complete strangers to him would seem to have suggested such a provision; and he had not thought of asking them for one; but that was of no moment, for he would have certainly refused, had they offered one; he was so happy at the random acquaintance.

The name Rallington had made him start when he had first heard it from Mrs. Holland. He remembered that this was the name of a relative of his aunt; this relative had been known as a very wealthy man; he had seen him but a few times; strange to say, he lived in the north of England where the deceased uncle of his recent visitors had resided. Was it a mere coincidence, or was it possible, that he was distantly related to this same old Rallington and that he would be able to claim some connection with the girl who had already won his heart? The latter thought made him exceedingly anxious to start upon the case at once; even more so than the chance of making a big thing out of it.

Finally, he could not cease wondering, how it was that they had selected him for the work. How was it possible? He was known in a professional way but to a very few people and the ladies had not mentioned any name responsible for having sent them, as they would undoubtedly have done by way of introduction, had their visit been due to some other person's influence. And yet, how did they come to look for him? What strange conversation was that he had heard in the corridor, when they were evidently seeking the number

of his office? It did seem as though they had decided to search for him, and had not merely hit upon his office at random. No, that could not be. But he was at a loss for an explanation of why they had come to him.

III.-LAW AND LOVE.

Mrs. Holland and Alice could hardly wait until they had reached the street before expressing their mutual satisfaction that at last the matter had been placed in the right hands, and that now every effort would be made to obtain the property as soon as possible.

"I do believe it is the correct thing to have someone outside of your family to manage a legal case, just as doctors are always in the habit of calling in another physician whenever any of their family is taken ill—at least so Dr Snow says for it seems to me that when so much is at stake, in which he is himself interested, it must so excite the lawyer that he cannot act with that deliberation and shrewdness which I am sure Mr. Bradshaw will show," Mrs. Holland was saying in expression of this feeling.

"Yes, it is only to be regretted that we did not think of that a long time ago; by this time, perhaps, the somebody hinted at in my dream may have already seized the estate," Alice answered anxiously, as though she knew all about the claim.

"Well, we acted as rapidly as we could, and if you had not had that dream and the inspiration from old Uncle Rallington's spirit, I do believe we should have lost this magnificent chance." As though they already had the fortune!

"How remarkable that so young a man should have had so much experience in these matters as Mr. Bradshaw said he had," Alice exclaimed after they had been walking a short distance and neither had spoken. "And he is such a fine-looking fellow, too," she added, her girlishness getting the better of her.

"Oh, shame on you," her sister answered, "can't you think of anything more serious at such an important time in our lives than good looks?"

"Well, there is no harm in saying that he is good looking, is there?" Alice answered, aggrieved "He can't help that, can he?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that were all that you had been thinking of during the entire period that I was transacting this important business with him."

"I did like his looks," Alice retorted mischievously, by way of last word.

Mr. Holland had not been idle in the case; he saw that a large value was at stake, and that his wife and her sister had a chance of profiting by it. He had told them little of the results of his work upon the matter, chiefly because he remembered the excitement which he had introduced into his household after his first communication; he decided to continue this silence until there was a decided outlook one way or the other.

The greater part of the time since he had first become aware of the decease of this relative, he had consumed in communicating with the London law firms. He now had definite information. The old man had died suddenly and had left no will; in the absence of this, the property would pass to the nearest of kin, a young man who had gone to America some five years ago, and from whom nothing had been heard since. Notwithstanding advertisements in the newspapers, no trace of him had as yet been found. If this relative had died, then the title of the estate would be clear, and it would pass without any doubt to Louise and Alice.

The whole question, therefore, rested upon the life or death of this absent and missing relative. This was good news and it was bad news, according as the chances of finding the missing heir were favorable or otherwise. Armed with this information, Mr. Holland had resolved to go to England and learn all about the young person, and then he determined to institute a search which would lead to definite knowledge; he wanted also to study the law relating to the subject, and to consult the leading attorneys there concerning this; for where so large a fortune was at stake, he decided

to follow the counsel of others who had more experience than himself in such cases. So he arranged to start with the next steamer, which left on the morrow, Thursday. The two sisters were not only surprised, but alarmed when Mr. Holland told them of his intentions that evening, and bade them help him pack his trunk and prepare for the departure. These feelings they could scarcely conceal. They were fearful lest he should interfere with the course which they had engaged Bradshaw to pursue, and lest the two lawyers might in some way be working in an opposite direction and Mr. Holland spoil what Bradshaw would accomplish.

"Russell, this is so sudden; I would not go to England; you can accomplish just as much by writing," Mrs. Holland ventured to exclaim.

This angered her husband, and he answered. 'All along you have been asking why I do not hurry the case, and now when I want to do the thing which above all others will tend to end the suspense, you do not want me to go! Louise, I do not understand you, and can only explain your conduct, by the fact which explains why this house has resembled a lunatic asylum more than anything else, ever since I was unlucky enough to tell you anything about the estate of this confounded old uncle Rallington."

"For shame! Russell, to speak of the dear old man so."

"If he hadn't had so much money, he would not be so dear, it seems to me: I should like to know how you came to be aware that he was such a fine old gentleman, when you never saw him and scarcely knew that he existed, until the news of his death reached us?" he continued, fuming because he had packed his effects in the wrong way, and the trunk would not hold all he intended to take.

Later, when packing had been completed and Russell Holland seemed in better spirits, his wife again gave way to her fears:

"Russell, suppose more than one lawyer is engaged in one case; do they ever conflict?" she asked anxiously.

"Conflict! Now do you suppose that two lawyers are

engaged in a case, so that one shall oppose the other? You are a Solon!" he exclaimed sarcastically.

"But suppose," she continued, "one does not know that the other is engaged; suppose they work independently of each other and unknown one to the other; would that matter?"

"But such a thing never happens," he answered, laughing at what he thought was a queer source of worry to his wife. "Such a thing could not happen; for any person unless he were insane, would know better than that"

"But suppose he had done it?" she persisted.

"Then he would deserve to lose the case for his stupidity," he answered, little imagining how much worry he had caused by his last remark.

The next day Russell Holland left. Scarcely was the steamship out of sight, than Mrs. Holland and Alice Rallington went to the office of Bradshaw, determined to tell him about Mr. Holland's connection with the case; they considered that it were best that Bradshaw should know this, for otherwise, they thought, Mr. Holland might be doing mischief in England.

Herbert Bradshaw was of course greatly surprised when he heard the truth; it was now a greater conundrum than ever, why he had been consulted and engaged, when the husband of one of the ladies was himself a lawyer; and if the latter did not wish to assume the responsibility of the case, he would know of the most celebrated men in that line, and furthermore would have selected and consulted with them himself. He even went so far as to ask Mrs. Holland, why it was that she had consulted him; but this she refused to tell. She said it was a secret; and that ended the matter.

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Bradshaw could not but tell them that they had done wrong in engaging someone else, without Mr. Holland's consent or knowledge; and he even felt compelled to suggest that it were better that he retire from the case, and leave it all to Mr. Holland; or to whomever the latter might select. But the ladies would not listen to any such proposal;

and Bradshaw could not resist Alice's entreaties that he continue to have charge of the case.

Now that Mr. Holland was away. Louise suggested that Bradshaw save them the trouble of frequent journeys down town, by calling to see them at their residence, especially since they found out that the lawyer resided but a few blocks from them.

This of course pleased Bradshaw greatly, as here would be an introduction to their private life. He had worked assiduously upon the case, and had already become deeply absorbed in the law pertaining to such matters.

The next day he was amazed to find in the newspaper he was reading on his way to the office, the following advertisement:

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Herbert Bradshaw Cummings, formerly of London; this party left London five years ago and has not been heard of since; information of his where bouts or proof of his death will be liberally paid for. Address, Bailey & Coleridge, Attorneys, 127 Chancery Lane, London.

"Well," he said, after he had read the paragraph several times over, "they won't pay for the proof of my death at any rate." Then it occurred to him: What if he were wanted on account of some property, and if the Rallington referred to by Mrs. Holland and Alice, were his relative, and he were being sought after to receive the estate?

He became so excited that he could not keep his seat in the car. Rallington was such an odd name that this did not seem so unlikely a supposition. If it were true, he scarcely knew whether to be happy or the reverse. Had he never met Alice Rallington, and had the meeting produced less of an impression, he would, of course, have been overjoyed; but now all was changed. Anything that would cause her disappointment, could not be acceptable to him.

But suppose, he thought finally, as one dream of happiness suggested another, she were to become his wife, and he were to get the property. That would be a way out of the dilemma that might please all parties. But he was building castles in the air, and before he went further in these

hallucinations, he resolved to find out particulars concerning the advertisement which he had just read.

Accordingly, he stopped in at the telegraph office and cabled the London attorneys for further particulars concern the item. The answer arrived that afternoon and read as follows: "Party is heir to Rallington Estate, England."

He could hardly believe his eyes when he read the few words that meant so much. The advertised party was none other than himself. When he had left London, he was angry at his uncle; therefore he had dropped the name Cummings—his uncle's—which he had adopted and added to his own while he had been living with that relative. So he was about to become a millionaire! And poor Alice, was about to lose all realization of her hopes. He almost wished that he had never seen the news so that she would not be disappointed. But if she should consent to marry him, he thought!

He determined to keep the discovery a secret; he could not do otherwise, for he was not absolutely certain of his claim; there might, after all, be a flaw or a mistake, and then how ridiculously previous he would seem.

He visited Mrs. Holland and her sister almost every evening: he managed to make it appear that this was necessary; never did he enjoy professional work before as much as now. He realized that he would soon have to travel to England and see about the estate and make sure of his claims. Before he did so, he determined to get some expression of his chances of being accepted by Alice. Then he would propose upon his return. He would not insist upon anything very definite, but he was anxious to know what would be the probable answer to a proposal.

[To be concluded.]

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